

# Some New Verse by American Poets

By Vachel Lindsay, Margaret Widdemer, William Rose Benet, Sara Teasdale and Daniel Henderson

## The Coin

By Sara Teasdale.

Into my heart's treasury  
I slipped a coin  
That time cannot take,  
Nor a thief purloin;  
For better than the minting  
Of a gold crowned king  
Is the safe kept memory  
Of a lovely thing.

## The Gray Battalion

By Daniel Henderson.

O pallid, pallid hosts, are you flesh or are you ghosts,  
With your drums that give no beat, with your sober,  
silent tramp?  
What flags are these that rise like phantoms on our skies?  
What frontier was your bivouac and whither is your  
camp?

"We are men who took the sword for the nations and the  
Lord!

We charged the shattering guns! We met the storming  
fire!

If France has ruddy stains they were crimsoned from our  
veins!

And we died, not knowing we would win our uttermost  
desire!

"Not for us the laureled arch! Not for us the bannered  
march!

Not for us the throngs exulting as the victors' pæan  
rolls!

Still we tread the darkened roads which we trudged with  
pressing loads,

And the ruts that raked our bodies are a guidance for  
our souls!

"We are those who could not sleep where we lay beyond  
the deep!

We are those who lay unresting in the friendly foreign  
loam!

And our Captain and our Lord gave us this for our  
reward:

To march amid the night mists to the places we called  
home!"

## Hail to the Sons of Roosevelt

By Vachel Lindsay.

There is no name for brother  
Like the name of Jonathan  
The son of Saul.  
And so we greet you all:  
The sons of Roosevelt—  
The sons of Saul.

You battled for this freedom singing nation.  
You vindicate the better days of Saul  
When he was God's anointed to us all.

Your brother Jonathans went out to war.  
Let every Yankee poet sing their praise  
Through all the days—  
What David sang of Saul  
And Jonathan beloved more than all.

God grant such sons, begot of our young men!  
To make each generation glad again  
Let sons of Saul be springing up again  
Out of the eater, fire and power again,  
From the lost lion, honey for all men.

I hear the sacred Rocky Mountains call:  
I hear the Mississippi Jordan call:  
"Stand up America, and praise them all  
Living and dead.  
The fine young sons of Saul."

## Forgetfulness

By Margaret Widdemer.

I wonder what your mien was like,  
Old face I loved, far face I knew,  
Whose careless look could bend, and strike  
My bare heart through?

You made my heart forever wise,  
You stripped my silken youth away.  
What was your light, far master-eyes,  
Or blue, or gray?

Dim-seen the flying years escape,  
Only the gifts they made abide.  
Strange, to forget the dagger's shape  
By which one died!

## A Soldier in Manhattan

By Daniel Henderson.

Soldier, home from the wars,  
Threading our throngs again,  
Lost with your golden bars,  
In a world of hurrying men:

What if the crowd be mute!  
Read in our eyes your due!  
See how our hearts salute  
The soul of the race in you!

## The Pale Dancer

By William Rose Benet.

My heart's a still shore; all the golden sails are gone.  
A pale, silver floor in the hugeness of dawn  
My heart lies once more, and the little ripples beat  
This small idle tune, like the fall of elves' feet,  
"Oh, come, airy dancer—come dance on us, Sweet!"

She comes like a breeze in the midnight of May,  
The tumbling of the seas makes a tune far away.  
She comes with closed eyes, with light footsteps she hears,  
And she sings the low song that each lipping ripple hears.  
"In love there is laughter, and after—come tears!"

She dances like the moonlight—light, languorous, aswoon.  
Her face floats uplifted, a flower to the moon,  
To the moon, pale in heaven and the dawn coming slow,  
And under her measure the ripples breathe low.  
"The dancer, the dancer from ages ago!"

Oh, dance me no more! Witching dancer be gone!  
For my heart's a still shore in the hugeness of dawn,  
And some answer is thrilling, is trembling for me  
In the eerie still brightness of heaven and sea,  
And the little ripples whisper, "What thing can it be?"

Pale dancer, pale dancer, atread without breath,  
Majestic and yearning and brooding as death,  
Oh, passion of my heart, oh, enchanted despair  
That glides before God like a bird from a snare,  
Return, then, return to me, clothe me with care—  
But the beautiful dancer has vanished in air.

## "The Wine of Astonishment"

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY'S new novel, *The Wine of Astonishment*, starts out with a considerable promise which it does not fulfill.

One can believe in Evelyn Day's first indecisions and changes in purpose regarding love and marriage, but the girl shifts so often that one loses respect for her and thinks of her merely as a weakling, pulled about by a mother's ambitions and her own love of luxury. She yields so invariably to the last influence brought to bear upon her that it is possible to feel only contempt for her futility.

Jim Clarke is more interesting in the chapters concerning his boyhood than later. The embarrassment of boyhood making its escape from parental supervision is well shown in the opening paragraphs:

"From the shadows of the front room he flung his announcement at them, distrustful of the clear light of scrutiny. His excitement possessed him too visibly. It rang out under the deceptive casualness of his young voice.

"He was on fire to be off for his adventure. He felt himself a man, an explorer, a free lance. It was maddening to have to thrust his head into the family living room and tell his parents that he was going over to Henry's for all night.

"And parents are not too easily satisfied. His father merely glanced up from the inevitable book, but his mother put down her magazine and told him to come in.

"He came with reluctance, a tall, high-shouldered boy of eighteen, with gray eyes that looked dark under their black

lashes, and dark hair at variance with the flat rigors of its youthful mode. Every step he took into the room made him less a man and an adventurer until only a boy stood before his mother, impatiently apprehensive of adult curiosity and restriction."

Youth is played up lovingly and with a degree of skill in the college scenes, the dances at the Amherst fraternity houses, the drives, the luncheons. The girl is accidentally shown into the wrong room at a fraternity house and meets the young man not yet completely arrayed, which gives an opportunity for later explanation.

"I was trying to make myself resplendent." The young man's eyes gave her back her smile without confusion. "I was delving for this new and gorgeous shirt."

"Her glance seemed to dance elusively across that intimate object.

"A most becoming stripe," she told him merrily. There was a winged tilt to the corners of the mouth. And her brows, much darker than her hair, were like wings, too, in their indescribable little lift at the outer corner. And when they danced Jim thought there must be wings, too, upon her feet."

One can believe in and take pleasure in the early Evelyn Day of such passages as this:

"It was conceivable that she cared for one of those men.

"But no, it was not conceivable. Those eyes that met his were too candidly bright, too innocently clear. Neither love nor the memory of love shadowed their clear depths. There was no dimming reflection of experience. Love would have taught her her own fascination and given her self-consciousness."

But the reader may not care for the girl who, later, is too easily swayed one way and another and knows no will of her own.

The plot is long drawn out and then too buddled together at the end. It has no convincing elements, such as a platonic marriage and the giving away of a fortune to match a poor man's poverty. But the book is readable and is a clean and pleasant love story.

THE WINE OF ASTONISHMENT. By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

## "The Happy Hypocrite"

By BARRETT H. CLARK.

MAX BEERBOHM the caricaturist is well known in these States, but Max Beerbohm the anomalous "Max" as a man of letters—one of the true company of genuine artists—is not. The little essays, pastels, critiques, many of which originally appeared in the *Yellow Book*, have been casually reprinted, and in this country at least have attracted little notice. For "Max" is in no way "popular." His delicate irony, deeply imbedded in his perfect style and become an integral part of it, is apt to be disconcerting to the reader with a one-cylinder mind.

*The Happy Hypocrite*, now published in a de luxe edition, with illustrations by George Sheringham, has made its bow to the public at least three times before, but never so attractively, so appropriately clothed. Here is a volume in which the illustrations seem to grow out of the text, or vice versa. As Mr. Beerbohm says in his brief note to the new edition: "This big new presentment of a little old story is of course for the sake of Mr. Sheringham's illustrations." It is more than that, for *The Happy Hypocrite* deserves the popularity this edition will give it.

There is little to say of this fairy tale; it is enough perhaps to state in cold prose that one feels helpless in the effort to add

anything to it by way of comment except to remark that one is confirmed in the impression that there are scarcely half a dozen writers nowadays who can handle language as Max handles it—and to quote one brief passage, which runs as follows:

"It is pleasant to record that many persons were innoxious to the magic of his title and disapproved of him so strongly that whenever he entered a room where they happened to be they would make straight for the door and watch him very severely through the keyhole. Every morning when he strolled up Piccadilly they crossed over to the other side in a compact body, leaving him to the companionship of his bad companions on that which is still called the 'shady' side. Lord George—[here a Greek word, which I shan't ask the printer to set up]—was quite indifferent to this demonstration. Indeed he seemed wholly hardened, and when ladies gathered up their skirts as they passed him he would lightly appraise their ankles."

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE. By MAX BEERBOHM. With illustrations by George Sheringham. John Lane Company. \$7.50.

Patrick MacGill, author of *The Doughboys*, recently married a niece of Cardinal Gibbons.

## While Paris Laughed

Being Pranks and Passions of the Poet Tricotrin

By LEONARD MERRICK

New York Times—"Compact of gayety and wit and mirth, its irony, though keen, is the irony that provokes to delightful chuckles, and if here and there a tear does shine for an instant it twinkles through laughter. . . . More than any other quality, perhaps, more even than the wit and the irony, the sparkle which is as gay and as French as champagne, the exquisite style and unfailing deftness of plot, it is this extraordinary ability for making even the least important among his characters real human beings, that renders Mr. Merrick's stories so very exceptional. . . . Those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel will regard it as a day to be marked with a white stone, that one on which they first encountered the impecunious poet who lived in the garrets of Montmartre."

## While Paris Laughed

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